

# RUDY LONGED TO MEET A GHOST; WOULD HAVE NO FEAR, HE WRITES

## Sleeps as Guest In Castle Loved By Mussolini

The "Great Lover" is in his element in this thrilling installment of his intimate installments, during a stay as guest at Baron Fassini's haunted castle, he writes of love—of lust—of ghosts.

"I am not afraid of the dead or of ghosts," he reveals, and he confesses that he "believes extraordinarily in supernatural manifestations."

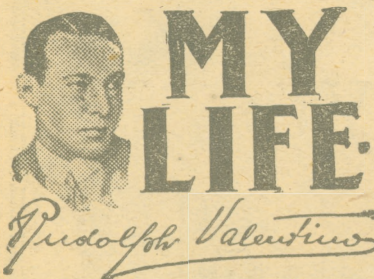
Read him as he describes how a life should be lived. It is tremendously frank.

Read what he would do if he "met a ghost!"

He visits the room where Mussolini sleeps when he is a house guest of the castle at Nettuno.

"I felt a creepy feeling come over me," he sets down—

But go on with the gripping installment just as Rudy wrote it.



Written exclusively for Macfadden Publications, Inc.

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Last night we had another fascinating evening. We dined with the Baron Fassini in his apartment in the Piazza Titoni, and from there we motored to his castle at Nettuno.

It is an hour and a half's drive from Rome, right along the sea coast. The sea coast of Italy! And the castle is rebuilt from the original plans found in the original ruins.

I walked through the moonlight. And a creepy feeling came over me. I felt that these walls, if they could only speak, could tell tremendous tales, still fascinating.

Stories of love. Stories of lust. Stories of murder, swift, treacher-



Benito  
Mussolini

Natacha  
Rambova

ous and unexpected. Especially if gentlemen like Caesar Borgia could rise up and talk—if they would talk at all.

I think it would fascinate me to live in such a place. Perhaps I have very steady nerves, or, even, an imagination that needs such stimulation. I have always felt strangely akin with places of this kind.

I am not afraid of the dead, or of ghosts. The whole store and lore of grisly fears that have shaken the human race at thought or apprehension of meeting with the dead is quite foreign to me. I am not afraid of anything pertaining to the life beyond.

### Believes In Ghosts

And it isn't because I do not believe in it. It is because I do.

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I believe in the supernatural. But I don't believe that there is anything there I would, or could, be afraid of.

It seems to me that we have more cause to be afraid of the living than of those who have gone on, shaking off, as they do, the lusts and cruelties of the body.

I believe extraordinarily in supernatural manifestations, although I, personally, have never seen any. I am a great believer in the immortality of the soul. That is absolutely beyond any doubt. There must be some ultimate destination or purpose for us.

I know there has been a lot said and done that has been proved to be hokum and altogether fallacious. Full of holes, as we say in America.

### The Unknown Soul

I know there has been a lot of fake surrounding Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's experiments, but undoubtedly and all the same it is a fact that there is something within ourselves, not an organ, which we call a soul, and which cannot cease to live simply because our bodies cease to be active.

What this is we can't tell—until we reach there. And whom should we tell? We don't know that there is any tomorrow. Yet we believe there is, implicitly. And we go on planning for it, although we have no tangible proof that the intangible fact of another dawn will ever amaze the world, let alone our individual selves.

Our bodies are merely shells, in which we can hear, if we listen with ears attuned, the everlasting murmur of the sea.

### Beginning of Life

What the average man calls death, I believe to be merely the beginning of life itself. We simply live beyond the shell. We emerge from out of its narrow confines like a chrysalis. Why call it death? Or, if we give it the name of death, why surround it with dark fears and sick imaginings?

I am not afraid of the unknown. If you live according to your conscience (if you have one, that is), and you go on through life living according to the dictates of that conscience—in other words, never doing anything which you might yourself be forced to question in discomfort—what is there to fear? What else, what more, can you do?

By this I do not mean so much living in the religious sense of the word as living rightfully, living squarely. Not only as far as other people are concerned, but so far as you, yourself, are concerned.

### No Dark Corners

A life lived in this way has no dark corners in which ghosts can hide. And a life lived like this would need to have no fear of ghosts seen, then, by the strong, free light of day. There would be no reason then to fear ghosts any more than the man who is living rightfully has any fear of a policeman.

It is only the criminal who is afraid of the policeman. He is afraid—the criminal—because the

policeman represents the law, and in a way the criminal doesn't know what the law is going to do to him, what it is capable of doing to him. He imagines all sorts of things that he wouldn't and couldn't imagine if his conscience were clear.

I suppose, if I saw a ghost walking about, I would be momentarily nervous, not so much because I had seen a ghost, as because I had seen something surprising and new. Something concerning which I have heard, as all have, so many shuddering things.

### Not Frightened

But I feel sure that after the first shock it wouldn't frighten me. It would surprise me, as would anything that comes as a shock. But after the shock had worn off, I would get used to it. I might even be able to engage in a pleasant and interested conversation.

Because, what would I have to fear from it? Why should I fear? Why should I not rejoice, rather, that I had been privileged to see the ultimate evidence of some life to come after this one has passed away?

I'd be a darn sight more afraid of meeting some live person, like an assassin or thief, or something of the sort, in a dark corner, than I would a ghost. I would know the assassin's bad intentions. He would mean to do me harm, and would probably succeed.

### Visited By Mussolini

We had a delightful supper at the castle. Certainly the possibility of ghosts didn't affect my appetite, nor Natacha's, either. That much I can testify to, with positiveness.

It is a marvelous spot, and one to which Mussolini often goes for a rest. The Baron showed us the

room where Mussolini sleeps when he goes there.

"The Great Lover" pours out his soul in tomorrow's installment of his absorbing life. Natacha is forced to return to Nice, being unable to stand the hardships of the trip. "I am lonely," he writes. "It is like a mist from the sea striking chill to the bone. If it wasn't that it has been my life's dream to return home, I'd give it all up and rush back to Natacha." He stands between love and duty. Don't miss tomorrow's GRAPHIC. Rudy shows he was never more the master lover than he does in this chapter of his confessions.

### TRY TO COLLECT

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—Lee Bendheim of New York, ancillary administrator of the estate of his mother, Mrs. Betty Bendheim of Frankfort, Germany, petitioned the equity division of the District Supreme Court to construe the will

of Mrs. Bendheim in order to recover from the alien property custodian the sum of \$112,586.

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